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My Valued Ruby

POEMS

BY

PERRY HONCE McGEE

WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA
1920
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LOAN STACK

Perry Honce McGee

Mrs. Ruby Montrose McGee

DEDICATION

With love and hope,
To bring the day foresighted,
I dedicate this book to my race.

—Perry Honce McGee

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My Valued Ruby

THE STAR OF LIBERIA

Oh! my mighty love, for my people, friends,
But there's a certain class of us that our minds doesn't blend,
Though we've fought many a battle and it seems we've always won,
But we'll be greater when the "Star of Liberia" shines like the sun.
I have sat and dreamed and to come there's a brighter day,
But if our race pride's weak, and we have no love, just when I'm afraid to say.

You pattern after the white man in every way but one,
And that's why the "Star of Liberia" cannot shine like the sun.
We must learn to pull together, because animals know that much,
For when we seesaw back and forth into our future it puts a clutch.
This must be stopped or our defeat will be like the Huns,
And it keeps the "Star of Liberia" from shining like the sun.
I see a ship on the ocean at a distance of a thousand miles
And it's flying a flag of a people that will be prominent afterwhile.

There's a tiny bit of a star that's causing that flag to fly,
But with a close observation it can be seen with the natural eye.
We must love this flag above all things we've done,
For it holds the "Star of Liberia" that's going to shine like the sun.

This ship has good omen and a cloudy day there's none,
Then why keep the "Star of Liberia" from shining like the sun.
We know she's cruised the ocean for fifty years or more,
But as soon as we pull together she will land on the American shores.

DEFENSE

Colored men stop your marriages
To women of the other race,
Quit breaking the hearts of our goodly women
And bringing them a shameful face,
Why are some of us thoughtless
Upon things along this line,
Why when you go out of this race to marry
You leave women just as fine.
Now colored men I'm pleading this case
For our worthy colored girls
And trying to stop this awful horror
That's passing through this world.
Where do you find other women
That will be yoked along you're side,
To help you sail life's rough ocean,
No matter how rigid the tide.
They go with you through thick and thin,
Down on their knees upon kitchen floors,
And in wash tubs they tirelessly bend
Just to help climb the ladder of fame.
Then could you discard an honest soul
That another race may honor your name?
Now God in heaven wrote
This humble oration,
That we may form a grand
And noble nation.

LOVE'S PRECAUTION

Trespass not
Upon two hearts that love,
Your penalty's imposed,
By the Savior above.

This tiny little link
That connects two hearts,
With the watchword,
That no one should tear apart.

Think some day
It may be you,
Then read this poem
'Twill tell more true.

It will explain my mind
Just as I write,
And the sorrow that hangs,
O'er me tonight.

I'm driven away from the one that held me
The smooth love, on the roughest sea,
Now this is a teaching
To us one and all,

That true love grows
Summer, winter, and fall.
Through sunshine and showers,
In gardens of Mayflowers.

And o'er the desert land
No distance can break it.
'Tis found as we make it,
True love for ever, stands.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

There's only one way
That we're to abide
Then the way to success,
Is very wide
On the sunny side of life.

Each moment in the day
We should wear a smile,
It brings so-called good luck
And it's really worth while
On the sunny side of life.

The roses that bloom,
That scents the air
No place they grow
And look more fair
Than on the sunny side of life.

If we live right
And omit all sin,
Our days will be bright
From the beginning to the end
On the sunny side of life.

Even all the joy, and happiness too,
With God's heavenly blessings,
For our deeds, kind and true,
Is on the sunny side of life.

EIGHT NOBLEMEN

Above my bed
Hangs eight noble heads,
With love, might and grace,
They brought honor to their race.

Dunbar could take you
To a land of beauty; it seems
And shine the light upon nature
To let you read his poetical dreams.

Douglass as a statesman
Thronged the whole wide world,
And always in our memory
He'll shine just like a pearl.

Attuck's patriotism
For the land of the noble and free,
God bless him on his way,
And strengthen his mind with such decree.

Taylor, the lovely musician,
Rhythmically to you could bring
The sweetness in his music
Was like the bird that sings.

Tanner showed his art,
When fate painted his heart.
He traveled in a whirl
And works exhibited to the world.

Dumas,
The author,
Showed his fame,
And down the honor roll
We should always find his name.

Washington, the humble but famous Booker T.
Had many ups and downs,
Though hardship he never feared,
And from the cruel world he gained a crown.

MY RUBY MONTROSE

Down in Illinois around among the boys
I never had a chance to go to school,
For there was my dear mother and little invalid brother
And I was their support as a rule.
But soon come the end to pass them on high
There hung saddest memories to the old home was good-bye,
Then with all my ups and downs, there's one true friend I found.
While I sit a dreaming of the bygone days
Then a hidden voice did swell, saying I'll teach you how to spell,
For there's a tender meaning for each letter in my name.

CHORUS

R—is for the right, I'll try to teach you my boy.
U—means the union that our hearts will enjoy.
B—is used in blotting sorrow's memory, too.
Y—is that your yearning heart will always be true.
M—is for the million times you wanted to go to school.
O—shows how this old world treats when mother's lying cool.
N—is for my natural love to you I plainly give.
T—is just to teach us how to love and live.
The placing of these letters tells how the story goes.
And the only name I love and spell is my Ruby Montrose.

All through life you'll be like a pearl to me,
Just to have and hold you for my own;
With tender love, so great, then our lives I will relate,
And dream of you my dear when I'm alone.
Nights I'll always pray that you may see the day
When you won't be afraid to spell your name.
We'll study night and day, this will help you on your way,
And relieve your tender heart of its bashful pain.
To me then came my trial and it seemed if heaven smiled
On those dear sweet letters that spells her name.

A LIFELONG HAPPINESS

Time promised me
Some day to unfold
A lifelong happiness
Bound with a goal.
I'm patiently awaiting
Along the way,
Attentive as a child
At its daily play.
My heart ne'er chills
From the long winter's cold.
It's wanting that happiness
Bound with a goal.
At times I'm sad
With nothing to say,
I should be gay as a rose
Of a bright summer's day.
But looking for the story
So sweet to be told
Are you my little happiness
Bound with a goal?
If fate takes away
This promise so dear,
There'll be a chain
Of my wasted years.
Link by link
To count and hold,
Trying to find my happiness
Bound with a goal.

THE EVILS OF ALCOHOL

Once more around and I'll go home,
It's really a shame how I've learned to roam.
Oh! but what's the use? I've got a good excuse
That outnumber the bubbles in this glass.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, drink up, boys, and do it fast,
For with your old pal it may be the last.
You wonder why I have this knife?
Yes, I got it, got it just to kill my wife;
It's the only thing for me to do,
Since fate brings about that she's not true,
Stop, oh, don't coax me, friends,
You can see I'm near my end.
Now you shoved me over that chair
And I've seen the time you wouldn't dare;
But that's when bloomed the rose of my life
And I had the love of my sweet wife.
Now think, it was stolen, by a dirty cur,
And in my life it's put a blur.
Yes, I'm the guy that lives next door,
Where my crying babe sits on the floor.
Wait; I'm going to that swell cafe,
My wife's there, and lead astray.
Ah! this is your secret place to dine.
And for me, 'twasn't hard to find,
Why not let me meet your friend?
He's beneath the notice of cultured men.
Ah! that's the Italian that carried the note,
And he would meet death if I could clutch his throat.
Me no caree letter no time,
Me com a dis a placa, drinka Italiana wine.
Shut up, don't you dare to speak,
You're part of the cause, you dirty sneak.
Ah! and here's the Jew that hauled your trunk,
And the boat that brought him over really should have sunk.
Oh! Meister, vate, vate you speak to me rongs,
I spyed in this yard an o' pair tongs.

Who's that Chinaman? I guess he cooked the meal,
And he will land in glory quick as I can grab this steel,
Woo Long, Sing Lee, Fong Low,
Well, old man, I'll spare your head,
For in that language I don't know what you said.
Me noee cookee disee placee,
Me gotee laundry, washee lacee.
Ask your friend to buy me a drink;
Ah! thanks old pal, but I called you a slink.
What! is she crying,
She's thinking of our lives, that's very trying.
Oh! now I know just what she sees
A once happy husband and living good as you please,
There's a painting in her memory, how I hated drink and gamble;
And how I spent my evenings home, for I had no mind to ramble.
Then along come you, another suited man,
But she being weak, like the most of us, prosperity she couldn't stand,
Then I took to this drug
'Cause it eased the nerves in my head,
And ever since I've wished that she and I both were dead.
Ah! let go of my throat, don't let him, me boys,
Let go of my throat, I tell you.
Oh! mercy,
There's my little babe, her voice calls,
But woman and liquor is the cause of it all.

THE SUNSHINE OF YESTERDAY

Where goeth the sunshine of beautiful yesterday,
When breezes blew light and all nature was gay.
Now the birds are mute and refuse to sing,
But down twinkles the snow to make the sleigh bells ring
I'll ask a simple question of you one and all,
Where goeth the sunshine when the snow begins to fall?

GINGER BAY OUTING

Hush your mouth, don't say a word,
Let me tell the good news I heard.
There's going to be an outing soon
Down where folks spend their honeymoon.
Its given by the Dark Town club,
And they serve chicken by the tub;
Another thing their music's grand,
Drums, piano, and old tin pans,
Get your ticket and don't be late,
Be at the landing prompt at eight.

Listen! listen! what's all that noise
Everybody's going to Ginger Bay.
There's old Raz Jones with his slide trombone
And you can hear him play it for miles away.
Come on boy we'll have some time,
There'll be lots of swell dancing,
And they'll serve you wine,
And if the boat begins to rock
Keep right on dancing, if you lose your frock,
Be careful what you do
When you get a drink or two.
And when the boat pulls into land
Take your partner by the hand
And waltz her off at Ginger Bay.

MY WIFE

My wife, oh! my wife,
Was taught that game of cooking
Some time early in her life.
Its just as easy
For her to cook a good meal
As it is for you to ride
In an automobile.
It seems that it's her pride

To fix good eats,
Such as roast pork and candied sweet tatoes,
And apple pies, she can't be beat.
I can be so mad when I walk in,
Lips all shot out,
Hanging down on my chin,
But the essence of that food
Says why be thou so rude.
Then henceforth and forever
May thy grin.
If you can keep from smiling
When my wife makes apple pies,
That's more than I can do.
She only makes that kind
That melts on the tongue
And passes by the thorax so easy,
Till it makes the pallet hum.
Telling the epiglottis
That it don't have to move
Cause in this pie am plenty lard
And sure am short and smooth.
My Adam's apple never works
When I go to swallow;
All the muscles in my neck
Never touch my collar.
Then it reaches the bottom of my heart
And sounds the tune of joy
And kills that word O' Hunger
When I'm penniless so often annoys.
Now if you can keep from smiling
When my wife makes apple pies
That's more than I can do.

E'ER JANUWAH DE 2

E'er sense I's been bon things fo me goes powfull wrong
E'er Januwah de 2.
I sells my con and lose a farm
E'er Januwah de 2.
Good old liggon I don't abuse but from me, it seems to oose
E'er Januwah de 2.
Now to drink is ganst my will, but luck fo me pulls don de hill
E'er Januwah de 2.
I puts my savins in my trunks, but things fo me just goes caflunk
E'er Januwah de 2.
An I married a dozen wives but dey seems to lose dey lives
E'er Januwah de 2.
Den ever year I have de flu and seems to me I'll break in tu
Leaven my bons dah to click
Wid dem awful rhumaticks
E'er Januwah de 2.
De worsted sorrow I ebber had
Is when mah swetark treats me bad
E'er Januwah de 2.

FATE AND TIME

Fate taken away my world of goal
Time sees that I grow old,
Just these two words, which is time and fate,
Where art thou love, that turned to hate?

AFTER DE TOUN HALL SUPPER

Lod ham mursy Mandy, yo mis it all
When you let dat supper pass yo at de ole Toun Hall.
Sah, they had one pison meal,
Dat good ole broun possom an sweet taters, sush yo mouf!
Would upsit yo pallet an' tickel yo heels.
An biscuit, hum, hum! don't talk,
I et so many I could hardly walk.
When yo'd bustum open an dah ginter to steam
An dat fresh country butter gist madum a dream.
And dey had dem urly June peas dat was picked while da's in blossom;
But wait tell I tolger bout dat gravy dey had roun dat possom.
It was gist a real medium lite broun,
Hum youm, youm! when dey rised de lid yo could smill it all ober toun.
An dat homade cake stood five layers hi,
Mursy! an dat egg-custard, well, 'twould almost make ye cry.
Den dey passed de water mellin an ice kream on de side,
An' when you backed away from dat table yo sho was satisfied.
But you oder seen um a pitin on airs,
Ole Ginn Jackson and Tildia Blairs,
When dey's asks tu et dey gaped like dey waned to fuse,
Sain no we thank yo, we don't carh fo, but to dat table dey gin to oose.
Well sure yo woder almose bussed yo ribs
When de blessen was said by ole Joe Tibs,
Gist fo he started he ginner a real deep sie.
And eber body bow dey heads, but on dem biscuits he kept one eye,
Den he started, Good Lod! we turn thanks fo what bout to cieve,
But I aint so buzy wid dis prawh dat I can't see dat sister slipen biscuits up her sleeve. Amen.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO KNOW

God help a people that really has no flag,
For on their present and future seems to heavily swag,
'Tis that awful burden of mystery,
And oh! how painful that their heroism's ne'er mentioned in history.
Then go my brave people and make one of your own,
It will show our mighty love and that we're learning to stand alone.
For years and years you've given your sons to this land of the noble and free,
But maybe it'll go down in this last war, though others we've failed to see,
Now we have men among us, men of brain and might,
Don't dream of difficulty a few years back, for then all newspapers were white.

Now why not send our reporters on to the battlefield
And let them follow our comrades so their great deeds cannot be shield,
And when the shots and shells are flying
Into the hearts of our loved ones dying
Then God helps a people that try to help themselves
That has the right love for each other laid on memory's golden shelves.
Just think of our great heroes that died that we may live,
And think what its stealing from our children because history fails to give.
I've even spoke of Honorable Douglass to boys of my race,
Why they would ask me who was Douglass and amazingly look into my face,
Oh! this would break my heart to think of that noble man,
And there are others that should be in all history of the land.

SIE RANKENS AND HIS WIFE LIZZ

(Satisfied)

Git outer heah an goter wok,
Uv all men's yo lobes tu shirk.
Don dan woken fo a dollah a dah,
Don hard wok an' git good pah.
Sie, what's de use larg or small,
Yo de kinder umman gonner spend it all.
Lizz, bleav me man, yo needs som pride.
Sie, hum, yo shud worrah ef um satisfied.
Lizz, sumer des dahs I'll lost my mind,
Den you'll leff dis hos liker a bird a flyen,
Cus I'll be a devil an dat untied,
I'll sees how much den you am satisfied.
Lizz, mussey me, dis world am ruff,
An' marrahed life I goter nuff.
To don rite I really tried,
Den gwon an leah me, um satisfied.
Lizz, I'll nuckel to yo nebber no mo,
Cus I kin clean cars fo de ole Big Fo,
I told um I's coming, dey thinks I's lied,
Cus de wah yo acten man, I ain't satisfied.
Sie, somer des dahs I'll slep a neaf de cool
An' yo'll hab tu hich, drove, an' cur dem mules
Holin woe haw gee, come heah clide,
I gus den honey yo'll be satisfied.
Lizz, tain't no use in talkin to me,
I's made up my mind to let yo be.
Whever yo sleep neaf de cool wom or hot
I'll took dis brom an broke yo not.
Sie, den do it umman I aniter goner hide,
Any ole thing soes yo satisfied.
Lizz, dah yo am a giten all good
Den com na kiss me, hum, I wish I wood
Cus yo kinder mens I's laid aside.
Sie, ef dey all no yo like me, dey woun be satisfied

LIEUTENANT RUFF

"Company Attion," dats it snap dem heals rite agether
And don't be grumblen bout de rainy wedder,
Fo dahs a few things I's boun to mention.
Yo pock out dat chest,
Yo lazy thing, yo am like de rest.
Gim me dem heads and eyes tu de front
An' don't let me heah yo breave or grunt.
Now in dis company dahs a singen aroun
Dat some yo soldiers am a staen in town,
Yo no dat am a breaken uv de rules,
And awful bad it sounds.
But let me ketch de ole ring leader
Wid him I'll broke de guard hous don.
"At Ease!" quit dat trimblen at de neas,
In de monen I's goner call de roll
An ebber liben body better hit de stroll.
Ef dahs anybody daun anser tu dey name
Well, de wah I'll punshum, hit 'll be a shame.
Sur Lieutenant! mah I speak,
No you studers, an' it'll tuck yo a week.
Now stop dat rolen dem eyes dah,
Yo am de fello dey calls jack de bah.
Does yo no yo am afoolen wid de hinges uv def
An' what yo am athinken yo am badly lef.
Ress, a man kin talk tell he nely chokes,
An' Ress don't mean fo you tu smoke.
Drap dat cigarete,
I bet I'll blo dis company up yet,
Now I want spoke bout de han solute,
An' you better bring me a press on all dem suits.
In dis company dahs a loss uv pep
An' in aroun' lebben werf yo am boun to crep.
"Prade Ress!"
Keep dat line neatly dressed,
Looker a dah how yo's holen dat gun,
Gist like a man giten redy tu run.
"Sholder Arms!"

As yo wus, yo goter alarmed.
Now what's de madder widd dis coman?
Change dat gun in de udder han
In all my forty years I seen
Yo bunch uv mens am mity green.
Wake up now an sodger rite,
Ef yo don't da'll be one awfull fite.
Yo'll taste de essnes uv my fist.
"Company Attention!"
Dah am de dinner bell yo am dismist.

THE PARSON'S RESOLUTION

Parson Johnson at his church on a New Year's Eve
Made a resolution he had up his sleeve,
He knew the congregation had some inside information,
But from where cometh he never knew,
So the bells begin to ring and the whistles begin to blow
Everybody kneeled in prayer, but Parson walked the flo.

Chorus

Said, Lord! remove those evil spirits, that's concealed in my trunk,
In which so often I bathe my soul, but never was I drunk.
Deliver me along a different path and close mine eyes even to an empty flask.
And if temptation greets me along my way
May Thee never let bad thoughts upon my conscience play.

Parson in his sermon, done oh! very well,
He spoke of hypocrites, backsliders and infidels,
He mentioned of St. Peter, who is writing the deeds we do
And said when sliding back is untrue.
He preached until his mind was a little overtaxed
And knowing that bottle he had hid was the real old true facts.

ON SUNDAY MORN

Long side de road
Where my heart overflowed,
From de moanen uv a dove
While I's dreamin' uv yo love
On Sunday morn.

While I sit an thing uv yo,
And de sun shines doun on de mistic's dew,
In dis beautiful place,
I kin see yo sweet face
On Sunday morn.

I love to roam de putty wile wood,
It reminds me uv our dearest childhood,
To listen to de birds
And music widout word
On Sunday morn.

Ef fate holds a day we're to meet again
To relieve my heart uv its aken pain,
If it's God's decree
I hope it will be
On Sunday morn.

TOAST

Leave me not dear just now,
The words I solemnly vow.
Without your care
This world I fear,
I'll take a glass of little bubbles
Then life will be full of troubles.

MY LITTLE GIRL

Your smiles have faded into frowns,
Your eyes have lost their glow of brown,
Your lips are numb, hides your teeth of pearl,
Why lose this beauty, my little girl?

The roses in the garden, are drooping and dying
Since they know of your tears and sighing,
This puts a crape o'er the whole wide world
Bring back this beauty, my little girl.

I listen to the birds when I'm alone
And they have lost their silver tone;
Sometimes they're mute, and feathers all curled,
There's another beauty lost, my little girl.

Now the sun came up but refused to shine,
It was lost from your presence and love divine,
The clouds drifted by, fastly in a whirl,
I want you and the sunshine, my little girl.

There was a day that was dear to me
When we sailed across loves bright sea,
There we saw only water, sky and love
And this was a blessing from our God above
But soon our boat ran into a snirl,
And gone was our beauty, my little girl.

A POET'S WIFE

Has a miserable life
As he sits and thinks from sun to sun,
There he dreams of the lakes and dells
Her poor heart just beats by spells.
But when he's back from those beautiful scenes
She looks in his eyes and the love-light gleams.

A FROSTY MORN

Spring's early blossoms
Are sleeping in their grave,
Oh! how the sun did shine,
For their lives it tried to save.

Just think of all their beauty
And Jack Frost was the winner,
Though in sight of the shining sun,
He's an awful sinner.

And while they lie asleep
Beneath the chilly snow,
We only dream of their tenderness
And their fragrance we love so.

Just think of each little petal
That was veiled with that all white shroud,
And the miserable death they died,
While the sun was behind the clouds.

But cheer up! all sad hearts,
Mother nature is soon to bring
Another collection of buds,
For the ones stolen this spring.

THE LITTLE TOE DANCER

Down a little lane
So beautifully shaded
There I met the queen
Of all little maidens.

Her hair was light
And eyes sky-blue,
She was out of the garden
Of beauties that's true.

She'd hold her little dress
And dance to the breeze;
She would do it with grace
And musical ease.

On the tips of her toes
She'd go around like a top,
With such dancing, entrancing,
I thought she'd ne'er stop.

Then she'd bow
And give a sweet little smile,
Pulling her finger
Like a real little child.

But who only knows
Whom this maiden can be,
She's my secret inspirer,
And the world to me.

Sometimes when I write
She stands by my side,
If my poem's of the ocean
She rides on the tide.

Now little one
My thoughts are dim,
But with your guidance
I worked with vim.

And now I must go,
But my thoughts are of you.
We'll meet here next Sunday
In the lane at two.

A SPARK OF LOVE

What will ease
Two aching hearts
That fate and time
Has drifted apart?
I'll speak to this rose,
For maybe it knows
A gladness for her love
That's now reposed.
Why did our minds
With spirited souls,
Let distance ring in
Leaving our hearts grow cold?
Now we sit and dream
Though miles away,
Neither can enjoy
The blessings of the day.
For a moment we're happy
Then sadness prevails,
In our ears whistles memories
Like a nightingale.

THE DEATH OF MRS. WORMSLEY

Down along Lincoln way,
In our church on Sabbath day
A shock to a father, sisters and brothers,
When the Master called the Wormsley mother.
Tear drops then began to fall,
But this is the sting must come to us all,
With a pitiful look, one at the other,
To mourn the death of the Wormsley mother.
Soon the alarm spread around,
And hung a sad token o'er the town,
The alarm traveled farther and farther,
While the heaven's doors opened to Wormsley mother.

EASTER ROSES

(To Mrs. Perry Honce McGee)

The roses you hold
Though they are withering away,
In their heart is my love
And a brighter day.

Their petals now drooped
But fragrance still sweet,
My heart with trueness
For you ever beats.

All the whole world
And its treasures of gold
Could tell no sweeter story
Than these roses have told.

So fate could ne'er send
No sweeter one, dear,
Than you with your love
And tender care.

EYES

Eyes that speak
Are worth their weight in gold.
For many a aching heart
With love they console.

They have no words
Like the trembling lips,
Though glance by glance
You can read their manuscript.

LAZY MULE

Gee, Gee,
Yo better quit dat pestern me.
Woe, tell I unkiber dis corn,
A raskul like yo shud nebber ben bon,
When de sun comes out yo am looken fo de cool
An' dat's de powful acten uv a lazy mule.

Den dah's de minet I gits de bridle
Yo eyes am shut yo mine goes idle.
Did yo had no risens or go to school—no.
Ah, dat's de rezen yo's a lazy mule.

Now maybe tumorh I'll drove yo tu town,
And what I means yo gwine tu sweep de groun,
Yo won't drug along acten a fool,
Yo'll git up an muv, lazy mule.

Yo ets a wagon loder con an' a bale o hay,
Den yo leans er ginst de fence when yo goes tu bray,
I recken som time you'll ax fo a stool
So you kin set doun yo lazy mule.

Den tu I recken I'll trade yo off,
Yo lon nekhog, yo ets de hay out de loft,
Now yo kin git mad but I got er nu rule,
Yo good for nothen lazy mule.

And when I goes tu mak dis deal,
Yo run around de barn an' kick up yo heal,
Stah rit sid dat ole marh Brule
Den de man won't no he's giten sich a lazy mule.

Ah, an when he gits yo you'll cease tu balk,
Fo he am goter a chalklin yo has tu walk,
From dat dah on yo'll be a liven tool
Dat I'll en yo actens uv er lazy mule.

An mah de dah come when yo cease tu breve
Den yo'll flot wid de angles fru de trees,
An de buzzards will fite one mo duel
An I'll sah dah gones de essene uv dat lazy mule.

THROUGH THE MILL

If I can compose my way to success
Then some time I'll compose the rest,
It will be of my childhood days
Building mud houses for different plays.

Oh! I was bad and mischievous, too,
And always looking for something to do,
And when I found nothing I surely was sad,
To be good very long would make me mad.

Though I longed to go to school,
But I was poor and fate overruled,
Then my mother, whom I love so dear,
Passed away at the end of the year.

Then I fought this old, rough world,
For I had lost my valued pearl.
And now she sleeps beneath the sod;
It brought me deep sorrow though it's the will of God.

Just think of my mother, she guides me yet,
And keeps me away from those sinful nets.
All through life, from place to place,
She ne'er let alcohol enter my taste.

And I've ne'er lived a day I want to live o'er,
Unless it was school days which I could love more,
Now I'll thank God and that sweet little her,
My life's been rough, but never a blur.

A heart without love
And nowhere to build,
The mind wanders far,
Leaving the soul to chill.

A DROOPING ROSE

She'll always be
Sweet like the breath you give
In trying to console me.
I hope you're not leaving,
'Twould break my heart to think.
I love you better than all the rest,
For your petals are all over pink.
Cheer up! little rose,
With your petals looking mad,
My sweet heart is dying,
That's why I'm looking sad.
Oh! there is your companions
And they are blooming all gay,
But I wonder if you know
My love is to pass away,
But forever in my memory.

BECKER'S JEALOUSY

Lody, Lody, chile am yo heard de nues,
Ole Ruby Gee go dem late stile shoes (no!)
Yo noes dem kin wid de heel so high,
An all de men's jist looks when she goes by,
Course she ain't as swell as she thinks she am, ef all ports am true.
She oder member, dat I noder, when she worned a boot an a shoe.
Mursey me, I kin seed her now in church a gazen aroun
Tryen to make eber body seer, so de nues, kin spread de town.
But um goner taut alls in de quar jist how to act renoun
An when Ole Ruby Gee comes in church we kin gider one pison frown.

Oh! but I loves dat uman jist like I loves a snake,
An I ain't fogot how tonny she acted don at Ras Johnson's wake.
Eber time dey passed de coffee she'd tuck it an kinder linger,
An put on de mostest airs, posen her little finger.
Dar she sit an sip, an saped,
An droped de hol cup in her lap.
Mursey me, I laughed, tell my sides almos buss,
Den we had one awful fuss,
But bleave me, chile, I helt my groun,
Ef things did look powful dark aroun.
An ef it hadn't ben fo waken uv de dead
Dah ben one awful pullen uv de heads.
Yo nows fo a minit I acted refine,
But after dat she got a piece uv my mine.
Den eber body look all eck mased,
Sam Thomptson whispered to drunken Hays,
What yo spose dey am fusen about.
Well sur we broke up dat wake, widout a dout,
Den all along de streets on our wah home 'twas a site befo de king,
We was a gibberen an a gabberen, an bof un us sushed
When dat troll-bell ring.
Den we was quiet where de siety folks lived
An we hardly drewed our breff,
But when we's out uv dat part uv toun I nocked her rite an lef.

TRUELET

Each day there is sunshine,
Each day there are showers,
Means some day in May Day
We'll be picking wild flowers.

INCH BY INCH

I'm yet in the path
A jogging along,
That's leading to the righteous
Away from the wrong.

We have not time
To talk evil of others,
For losing enemies
To gain heavenly brothers.

Oh, Lord!
May the day be long
In which you have power
To sound the heavenly gong.

We know this means
Our last day,
Bless us and save us
In that land far away.

THE PLACE WHERE LITTLE MARY LIVES

Down a beautiful country road
The roses in bloom and their perfume strewed,
Oh! the joy it brought to my heart,
'Twas so tender, so sweet, I couldn ne'er depart
From that place where little Mary lives.

Oh! that spot beside the hill
Where nature and beauty can always build,
Tells a story it really seems
And will always be life's sweetest dream
Of that place where little Mary lives.

When she plucked and gave to me
A beautiful rose in a manner so free,
The heavenly breezes begin to blow
And the tenderness through my heart did flow
For that place where little Mary lives.

That was a day of God's decree,
And oh! no scenes could sweeter be,
They soothed my heart and eased my pain,
May the bright sunshine ne'er turn to rain,
Down where little Mary lives.

But summer is soon to fade away,
Followed by a cold winter day.
The howling winds in the month of December,
But that dear little rose I'll always remember
That come from the place where litle Mary lives.

Now I see the blustery snow
And it's changed the scenes where I used to go,
It's all over white
Though the stars are shining bright,
How sad be that place where little Mary lives.

At times I think and really sigh
To think of those roses that are sleeping nearby.
But they will return
To my heart that yearns,
And for that place and its beauty
Where little Mary lives.

A QUESTION

Why are great men's lives
Thrown into the mist?
One's who aim at the sky,
Are found at the bottom of the list.

MR. FINK

I met a man
The other day
On a Chicago train.
By the way
His face was strange
And very old,
And holds a sad story
Yet to be told.
He says, my boy,
We'll have a drink.
I said, no I thank you,
Mr. Fink.

Then he gave a real deep sigh,
Like a child about to cry.
In a moment he raised and said,
Then he stroked his old bald head,
Patting me on my shoulder then.
He faded his wrinkles into a grin,
Now my lad, as I sit and think,
May you never be like
Mr. Fink.

My younger days had I refused,
Now I'd stand in different shoes;
I could throw this blanket off of me
And this deadly sorrow that you see
Then with a nod he solemnly winked,
Try and remember Mr. Fink.

With a trembling he then relates
Of his mighty love that's turned to hate,
He called a name that was once his wife.
This was the pride that wrecked his life,
Saying once I was rich, but now I beg.
She's the cause, a wretched old hag,
Then there was love with a broken link
Mournfully told by Mr. Fink.

GRAY HEADS

Two gray heads bowed in tears,
Above hung memories of wasted years,
For once they were young with the blessings of health.
They sought not happiness, righteousness nor wealth,
But now they jog along to end of life's rope,
The end is not far, just o'er the slope.
Their lives must be studied
With their heads bloomed gray
To direct souls
Along life's sweeter way.
'Twill teach you their sorrow
Each day 'twill bring
The joy that's in our lives
'Twill loudly ring.
But if heads are hard
And holds within
The things you crave
Be worldly sins
We'll go down to a joyless end,
Leaving sorrow to have its sway,
We'll be like those two
I saw the other day.

HER SOLEMN THOUGHTS

Oh! cruel, cruel fate is mine,
Why am I tortured with life so unkind.
Cruel as the grave, it means peace for me,
For there only, my sorrow, will e'er let me be.
Peace or happiness, I truly know not,
And gone art the sunshine that lightened my darkened spots
The little birds for me do not sing so sweet
And the roses have withered from the warm summer's heat.

—Mrs. Perry H. McGee

YOUR EYES AND MY EYES

Your eyes so beautiful tells a tale
And o'er me holds the bill of sale.
With each glance they tenderly bring
A little love song for my heart to sing.
They hold the warmth around my soul
With love, kind love, to sweet to be told.

Were my eyes allowed to tell
How my poor heart beats by spells.
For your love it really craves,
Why send it down to its grave?
Time take away my haunted years
And your love, sweet love, that's caused me tears.

Let your eyes shine for me real true,
Then I'll explain more love for you.
The world then would cease my sorrow.
This brings a brighter day to-morrow,
Then forever we'd live in sweet loveland
With love, much love, I'd hold your hand.

By your eyes I traced your love,
Being guided by the Savior above;
I saw a weakening along the way
That I could strengthen would it pay,
But those things are hard to mend
When two has love that doesn't blend.

Be careful in your daily walks,
Because from some source or other there's always a watching eye.

NATURAL BORN COLORED MAN

Sam Jackson was goin' with a real yallow gal, the one that
he called his own-side pal,
But he found she would deceive, she told a friend by the
name of Stark.
She could love Sam if he wasn't so dark;
This made a discord down town,
Cause Sam was standing near, and seemed to overhear
and just then he spoke right up and said:

Chorus

I'm a natural born gen-u-wine colored man, you don't
have to look twice to see who I am,
You look at me once and your thoughts will end, cause I
got that puro-de colored skin.
It's the kind of skin that the sun don't tan, this makes me
the king of the sunny land,
So you go your way but bear in mind I'm what you call
the puro-de gen-u-wine.

Now all high yellows to Sam is in vain, he never lets them
bother his brain,
And all through his life he'll letum alone, he knows that
his skin's a bit shady,
So he will avoid every yellow lady, he's got a club of his
own.
Where all brown skins can meet and have a musical treat
For every night Sam kindly sings.

A BLOT ON LOVE

On comes the future
And brighter day it brings,
But prosperity should never bother
Love in the heart that sings.

DE GOLDEN COW

Life fo me am one sweet dream
Sense I's been drinken Jersey cream,
Ebum, my wife, am changed her wahs
She worens a smile eber dah,
When I miks dat golden cow.

Yo no when I buyeder my wife jist frond,
And to all de nabers she run me doun,
I wished yo hear 'er now, she calls me honey,
An' tells me how well I spent my money
When I buyed dat golden cow.

All my chuluns jist seems to smile
Liker a pasel uv crocker diles,
One I'll stan, an hunch de uder,
Dey gits dat actens from dair muder,
When I miks dat golden cow.

All de foks dat libs next dooh
Try to be so soshul, any mo,
But dey needn't ack, all dat cin,
I gits eber body off my mine
When I miks dat golden cow.

An dat Jersey neber offers to kick,
I'd lose my mind ef she'd git sik,
Jist think what it means to my poar heart,
How sad 'twould be ef I had to part
From miken dat golden cow.

But ef she eber dies,
In hebum I no she'll rest on hi,
Cous darh she stoods an hols wid in,
An' neber breeved a breffer sin,
Hu dat cow amer golden cow.

MEMORIES

Sweet, sweeter, sweetest memories,
Of my great, greater, greatest days,
Has come and gone but now returns.
As I pass the little church door
My poor heart yearns. It wants you and those golden hours
That held my sweet, sweeter, sweetest memories.

When I hear
The church organ play,
My poor heart
Just hums away
A million of your melodies
And my sweet, sweeter, sweetest memories.

All the little birds
Just seem to know
Of my happy days
When you loved me so,
For every morn they tenderly sing
My sweet, sweeter, sweetest memories.

YOU ARE

You are my morning star,
You are my evening's pride,
You are my all and all,
You are my love besides.

You are my brightest hope
You are my world of gold,
You are all of my happiness,
You are ne'er to grow cold.

GRAY EYES

Gray eyes, with your haunting, piercing trait,
And your infernal deadly bliss,
Around my heart still entwins a kiss,
Though shame am I to relate.

Gray eyes, this game fate is ruling,
Though many are the sad spirits
That conscience has seen,
From a lonely bench in the park amid the green,
With an aching, burning heart
No thoughts of you were cooling.

Gray eyes, answer me with your dreamy look,
Ah! that loving, tender smile's a traitor,
Sad reflections we both see,
The last spark in my heart its took,
And I have learned to be your hater.

PICNIC DAY

Driften don de Ohio,
Oh, dat muddy 'bio,
Hearh dat boat a pufflen,
See dem darkies shufflen
Ye, dis am picnic day.

When she goes aroun' de ben
Yo see dem darkies gin to grin
In dare hearts is powful joy,
Yo hearh dat word O, my boy,
Dis am picnic day.

Den yo hearh dem banjoes ring
Ole time darkies 'gin to sing
All dem southern melodies
Dat makes yo dance wid so much ease
OO, ah, ah, on picnic day.

Soon darh was a razor duel
'Tween Willie Jackson and Coston Souel,
Den de gran master drew his sword
An' boff dem rascals jumped overboad
On picnic day.

Den Magie Jones let a scream
Like de boat popen off steam,
Den she spoke a piece her mine,
Saen dis hapens eber time
On picnic day.

Den Parson Brown mader speech
Dat held de congregation liker leech,
All yo folkes oder be a shame
Fo tryen to spile de church's good name
I don't carah ef it am picnic day.

Parson wasn't fread to say
He made his speech jist dat wah,
An' when he's thru, he wiped his brow,
An' the congergation moaned liker cow
On picnic day.

Den de boat pulled into land,
Parson madum understand
Anybody not actin rite
Will walk de water back home to-night,
Dis am er church picnic day.

JUST AN IRISHMAN'S WAY

If your name is Mc or O'Maley
Come and shake hands with me,
That's the brand killarney gives
Before sending us over the sea.
No words I can speak
To hold more true
And to show I'm an Irishman thru and thru,
Than those that are blending
To the Irish minds
Sure Mc or O'Maley
Is just the time.

Sure this is an Irishman's way,
Though to you it may seem odd;
But the land they are from is a paradise
Blessed by the greenest of sod.
This makes me proud
Sure to be,
And to meet an Irishman
Just like me.
Then we can tell of the lakes and dells
And the beautiful shamrock bordered shores.

OFTEN TOLD

Oh! the beautiful morning sun
That shineth on the mistic dew,
It sparkles different colors
Once your eyes would do this, too.

VIOLET AND YOU

Early in the spring
Beneath the veranda grew
A lonely little violet,
And it brought our love anew
The days that we were parted.

My heart was ever true,
I shall always love this violet,
This violet and you.
I'll pluck this little fellow,
And to you I'll tenderly give.

It's a token of our reunion,
May our love always live.
Though life could give no sweeter, too,
Than this violet, this violet, and you.

And I shall hold in memory
This violet, purple and green,
For returning life's happiness
To me, that's what it means.
Though my love it blew and blew,
Back to this violet, this violet, and you.

MY WILL

I'm slow to anger when trouble comes,
For this is just my build,
And to hurt the feelings of another
Is usually against my will.

OLEGRIA

Composed May 27, 1920.

Around me at twilight shadows fall,
From the beautiful heavens is a childish call.
That has haunted me for years and years,
Through my bitter sighs and salty tears,
It's Olegria, my little unseen.

Ah! there's my little darling one
To pay me a visit, at the setting of the sun.
Be seated here love, on the green sod,
You're a little blessing from our own God,
Olegria, my little unseen.

Now listen to the dream, of daddy's golden hour,
But awakened from his slumber by the down twinkling shower.
Then I tried to stroke your beautiful brown hair,
But the breath of a moment banished you into the air,
'Twas farewell Olegria, my little unseen.

IN AN ALL OLD ROSE

I dreamed you were dressed in an all old rose,
So sadly I kissed you while my soul was reposed,
I dreamed that you promised some day you'd be mine.
I dreamed heaven blessed our love divine,
Gone art that night to where no one knows,
But I'll n'er forget you, dressed in that all old rose.
You gladden my heart while love breezes blew,
I know not where my sorrow then flew,
Maybe into lands where love ne'er grows
To tell you dressed in an all old rose.

LOVE'S REFLECTIONS

If I had wings,
I'd take you and soar
To a land of happiness
For evermore,
Leaving all sorrows
To the years we've seen,
Then Cupid can play
On the grassy greens.
She'd have no use
For her bow and arrow.
Our hearts will be true
And gay as the sparrow.
Then we can gaze down
In that valley so deep
That held our love
Before it could creep.

Entertain no thought other than good,
Then evilness around you will ne'er prevail.

An open expression may slip from the lips,
But deceit constantly dwells within.

We only receive in value
The interest in which we do a thing.

SUMMER IS GONE

When the leaves have all turned brown
And through the autumn breeze
They come sailing to the ground,
This tells me that summer is gone.

Left in the garden is one single rose,
Its a sad token that every one knows,
Oh! how my heart does sorrowfully swell,
When that rose begins to tell that summer is gone.

Now I've roamed and tried to find
Some place to hide my sorrow behind,
But where'er I go
Mother nature says so, that summer is gone.

Where are the little birds
And their music I heard?
They fly side by side
To a place that provides, when summer is gone.

The beautiful sun's hidden behind the clouds
And my poor heart almost speaks aloud,
To have it return
It would cease to yearn, but summer is gone.

IDLENESS

Idleness from day to day
Upon the strongest mind bad thought will play
Around your heart there's a knocking,
'Tis consciousness; then to be idle
Shows ungodliness.

A SHADOW ON THE BEAUTY OF LIFE

When you wear a frown, from day to day,
Having no regards for the right I'll say
Seeking your company without a thought,
And deafening your ears to what mother has taught,
This puts a shadow on the beauty of life.

If there sits before you a glass that bubbles,
It means you only sorrow and troubles,
'Twill take you to the late hours at night
And start your longing for wonderful sights.
Then a shadow is on the beauty of life.

If you ne'er look before you leap
In trying to get money by the heap,
To lengthen joy rides in beautiful cars,
Soon you will land behind the bars,
This spreads a shadow on the beauty of life.

If you're easy persuaded in doing wrong
Your heart will pay with a little sad song,
When company isn't right, travel alone.
Then ask God to give you a mind of your own,
And you'll never shadow the beauty of life.

HAPPY AND SORROW

Each happy thought may be followed by sorrow,
It can steal away your smiles for to-morrow.
The hours we are happy to our lives means a goal,
Value happy thoughts for we are fast growing old,
Walk a narrow path and from happiness borrow,
For happiness could change in the next hour
Then sorrow, like rainfall, could pour in showers.

THE SHAWL OF SIN

Oh! sinful shawl
That holds me tight,
Were you off my shoulders
I'd be straight from this night.

My sorrow's too great
To e'er be told.
I being so weak
And easy to infold.

You have taken my strength
And let me fall.
May this be a lesson
To us one and all.

NATURE

When the sun goes down in the Golden West,
Night blankets all nature at rest.
Far in the east, creeps up the silvery moon,
The night birds then begin to spoon.

A heart that is a dangerous one
Is a heart that cannot hold a secret.

Fate rules, time brings about
All of God's blessing that's in store for us.

A restful night makes bright the morn,
This leads on to endless joy
Making life worth while.

DEMOCRACY

War is over, peace is signed,
Will the colored man be in the place he used to find?
Well, he really should not for in the war he was true
And he's waiting now to see what Democracy will do.
Stand up! America, you're the land of the noble and free,
But you're letting other countries mention things you ought to see.
Oh! but we will live in hopes without a thought of feeling blue,
But remember our little children knows what Democracy ought to do.
Now to be frank, with you America and other countries know
Just how you treat the colored man, with that awful old jimcrow.
We can be intelligent, dressed sufficient, when we walk in,
As a rule we are grossly insulted on the account of the color of skin.

I had a dream, America, just a dream of you,
But I hope it was a nightmare only passing through.
I saw you in another war, cannons roared, before declared,
But if I were you I'd stay at home and clean my own golden stairs.
Oh, but we will praise the Lord, from whom all blessings flow and sing
And watch that word Democracy, for we know what it ought to bring.

Give your time and thought
To the better side of life.

BREATH OF LOVE

Moments by moments, hours by hours,
Your love in my heart just pours in showers.
Breath of love.
Breath by breath, smile by smile,
May your love bring to my heart no vile
Breath of love.
Word by word, to ease by ease,
My love is all yours to treat as you please.
Breath of love.
Side by side, hand in hand,
Pure love, sweet love, will always stand.

THE CONVICT

Cling, clang, the anvil rang
Behind the prison walls a convict sang
A song of his innocence as he worked away,
And for keeping bad company this was his pay.

He was coaxed by mother, sister and brother
Before the handcuffs came,
But now he's clothed in a little striped suit,
And to face the world again he's ashamed.

Life is so short, death sleep is so long,
Think kind of me now not after I'm gone.

Steal not from yourself nowadays
For your work is your boss.

ALWAYS

There's always a look in your eyes,
There's always a rose in your smile,
Could there be a feeling in your heart
To my life that means worth while.

There's always times I long for you,
There's always times I feel sad.
I wonder if those times could be brightened
To make my poor heart glad.

There's always my golden dreams,
There's always my thoughts of love,
And you are a tender blessing dear
That flowed from the heavens above.

There's always a cloudy day,
There's always a little sunshine,
But there would be no cloudy ones
If you'll promise to be mine.

ALL

All, to our lives is pure sweet love
All, in a day it can grow,
All, in a moment it can leave us,
All, of us don't think so.

All, of our thoughts of happiness,
All, of our smiles in between,
All, could be dead by tomorrow,
All, could be love's saddest scene.

Our lives are passing ne'er to repass,
Quoting these words to memory
Could save your soul.

FADED LOVE

Gone art your love, that I once knew,
It faded like a rose for the want of dew,
But God bless you, dear,
From sorrow and care.
But there lies memories of your faded love.

Though I'll go along life's gay way,
Plucking the roses of a bright summer's day.
Weakened but guided by the Savior above,
But still there's memories of your faded love.

Enchanted in my heart were you so strong
I never dreamed fate could guide you wrong.
From the wilderness came the mourn of a dove,
It knows the sad story of your faded love.

Onward to me the years may fly
But not relieved of my tears and sighs.
Remember I held you with my little golden gloves
Till the distant times brought your faded love.

WHERE THE SUN NE'ER KISSED

Back o'er the mountain
Where the sun ne'er shines
Was left a snow drift
From winter time.
In this lonely little spot
Where nothing will grow
The warm summer winds
Ne'er melts the snow.

THE BREATH OF A ROSE

You have a soul as tender as the breath of a rose,
Each day my life's worth living as our love grows and grows,
There never shone a star as bright, no sweeter words could have come to light.

And there's a compensation to you life owes,
For your soul being as tender as the breath of a rose,
And the coldest night the winter wind blows
In my heart's a humming that no one knows.

My love for you just gently flows,
While I sit and think of the words to compose.
May always your soul be tender
As the breath of a rose.

THE WILD ROSE

The little wild rose
I gave to you
'Tis a token of my love,
Will you be true?

It was losing its petals,
For autumn was near,
But love so humble,
For you my dear.

If all through life
This rose could speak,
'Twould strengthen our love
Should it e'er grow weak.

A SONG OF A BROKEN HEART

Just as many days that my heart has broken
I will count and hold as love's sad token,
But just the way my heart is aching
Some day you'll love, then you'll be forsaken.
You may be happy for a time, in a way,
But fate will overrule, then you're sure to pay,
And when that time comes you'll sit and look in space.
In each, and every vision, will be my broken-hearted face.
Then you will see and solemnly plead
To have the time shortened, my heart did bleed.
But remember when you're playing with the game of love
You can fool many a body, but think whose above.

THE END OF LIFE

Our lives is like a ball of twine,
Day by day it unwinds,
As if tied to a reel that you turn and turn;
This is what every soul should learn.
Who only knows where the end will appear
On this tiny little string holding life so dear.
Above is our judge to handle this case,
We know not when the time, nor space
Being numbered in moments, days, hours, and years,
Save us, Oh! Lord, as the time draws near;
And when the end cometh its the work of our God
Then forever we'll sleep beneath the sod.

Blessed art the ones
Whom our Father crowns.
But lost art the ones
Whom seeketh and ne'er found.

A POET'S DARK DAY

Listen to the humble words
That a down-hearted poet did write;
He was in a world of darkness
And could not see no light.

His mind was on one person,
But his soul was somewhat chilled,
Though he'd smile when spoken to,
For this was just his build.

Maybe his mind is traveling,
Is why he looks in space,
His heart is loving some one,
His actions proves the case.

But soon his thoughts will change
To sunshine or maybe flowers,
Then with joy he'll sit and write
For hours after hours.

A poet has many a thought
That come and go each day,
He dwells in the land of beautiful scenes,
Though some are a thousand miles away.

His sweetest thoughts is tender love,
His next is the breath of a rose,
And oh! how the two, gladdens hearts
When their souls are reposed.

Drink not of a bottle
That has sparkling bubbles,
This habit once formed
Means a world of trouble.

MY THOUGHTS OF YOU

Here are my thoughts
Of you, little friend,
As I pass your gate
And gently look in.

Your rose-bloomed face
And tender smile
To any one living,
They're really worth while.

You always seem gay
As the days are long,
In your heart there must hum
A sweet love song.

This tells the story
Just as you look,
My thoughts of you
Will be in a book.

GOOD SPIRIT

Oh! dwell with me good spirit
In my heart let there ring
Love for all of God's creation
Flow from my lips when I sing.

Deep in my heart
Let joy be known
And more love for our Father
Whom sitteth on the throne.

You have a moment to think,
And an hour to act, this reversed
Could mean you harm.

A POET'S POWER

Sleep, dearest one, sleep,
May you dream of bright fond love
This poem that I write of you
Is sent from the heavens above.

And o'er you will soar an angel
With golden wings, 'twill fan your brow,
My love for you in heaven's record,
Be humble to our Savior for this blessing he allows.

This angel will guide you o'er
A path in which you may sin,
But let our tender thoughts be of each other
From the beginning to the end.

At times you may sit and wonder
Why you want me dear,
I being born unfortunately poor,
But the power in my writing holds you near.

ROUGH ROAD

My heart beats weak
But my thoughts strong,
Jogging up the road to success,
And my strength has left me so,
But I never stop to rest.

We are born in this world
With burdens laid out
To shoulder as the years go by.

A POET'S THOUGHTS

A poet's thoughts are as deep
As the old sad sea,
And he holds love for his work
That will always be.

A joy to his heart
That comes in dreams, sweet dreams,
And he's a humble fellow,
Just as humble as he seems.

His heart is very tender
And this is easy explained,
For he's always thinking
To relieve, some heart of it's pain.

Night and day he labors,
With gift he loves so well,
And when he'll ever tire,
Time, can only tell.

WHAT WE GET

The early bird gets the worm,
The wise man gets the money,
Jack Frost gets the autumn leaves,
The little bee gets the honey.
The working man gets his meals (sometimes)
The doctor gets his calls
But what's the use in worrying, friends,
The graveyard gets us all.

HIDDEN THOUGHTS

Isn't it hard to drive back your feelings
When therein shines a smile,
For the one whom you love so dearly,
And their life could mean you worth while.

But drive it back secret love,
Into a day of darkness and rain,
You hold the wrath of deep sighing,
And to our hearts, you bring racking pain.

It hangs heavily on mind,
And its stealing what nature has given.
Oh! why does fate, with this bad omen
Hold this torturing, in which we live?

THE BEE AND THE ROSE

Good bye, honey bee, you gathered from me
Honey the whole summer long,
But autumn's here to take me home.
Now I'll lose the sound of your song,
But go to your nest
And dream of the past.
When winter goes by
Spring returns fast.
Then I'll return, too,
And open my buds,
Then the loving, tender breeze,
With my fragrance will flood.

EASTER GREETING

(To my wife Ruby)

When I think of the day
That we're to part,
It brings a deep sigh
That weakens my heart.

Then it leaves my mind
So roamsome and blue,
For there's my love
In memory of you.

In the heart of these roses
With their petals so gay
Is my love most tender,
With each breath they'll spray.

Here's solemn hopes
With love so true,
May these roses touch your heart
Through and through.

And when their petals wither
To blow on the breeze,
Remember love is deeper
Than any place in the seas.

A DIFFERENCE

We are strong in some things
And weak in another;
We are not all alike,
There is a difference in brothers.

MILDRED AND MARIE

The night was still,
No sounds could be heard,
But soon came voices
Sweet as a bird.

I arose from my bed
To find who it could be.
'Twas my deceased sisters,
Mildred and Marie.

Oh! how beautiful
Was their golden wings,
With music in their voices
That the living can't sing.

They told of the heavens
So sweetly to me,
And tell mother you were visited
By Mildred and Marie.

LOVE DREAM

The rose of my life
Were in bloom it seems,
When I saw your face
In my golden dreams.

It cleansed my thoughts
So sweet and bright,
I ne'er wanted to awake
Out of my slumbers that night.

SADNESS

Oh! torturing sadness, why burden me now?
Hide behind those unhappy thoughts that's the cause of
my broken vow,
You build around me those death chilled walls,
Leaving no sunshine in,
But fate is the cause in letting me fall
Deep into this untold sin.

But I'll take you with a smile,
It matters not where'er I be
I'll stand my ground like a man
If you're rough as the water of the mad rushing sea.

THERE MUST BE

When we lie down
On our couch to rest,
Our conscience must be clear
To be heavenly blessed.

Then smile, oh gentle Savior,
As you pass on into sleep,
Then somewhere in slumber land
You may holy creep.

There your sins are washed away,
And replaced by golden wings,
Oh, think what you'll enjoy
To hear the heaven's choir sing.

Isn't it hard to give
Your heart and soul
For the one you'd die to let live,
When day by day they are growing cold.

MY DAILY PRAYER

Oh, Lord, teach me from day to day
To dwell in the path
Along the righteous way.
Remove my thoughts
Of riches and gold,
For this so many
Have traded their souls.

THE THOUGHT OF A HUSBAND

Each moment you frown
You're stealing from your life,
And at times you break the heart
Of a dear sweet wife.

One's greatest fancy is a smile
And love's brightest way is hope,
Then time's golden entrance is patience.

Though the years to us may come and go,
But out of my memory ne'er can flow
The ring I gave you that spoke in silence
For you it held you, but for me violence.

A wicked thought is easy bought,
But values nothing in gold.
So read this verse between times,
And let righteousness into your soul.

MY LIKES

I like all nature's beauty,
I like to rove the wild wood,
My heart likes to hold in its depth,
I like only thoughts that are good.

True like the sun does shine,
Aloud like the bells do ring,
Joy like my heart loves,
It likes a little song to sing.

Nice, like a sweet summer's eve,
Tender, like the breezes do blow,
My heart likes to love some one,
It likes a place to go.

Who likes a day of sorrow?
Who likes untold, displeasure?
My heart likes all happiness,
And it likes a real full measure.

I like but a little company,
I like but a little sight,
My heart likes to be at ease,
It likes to feel, what I write.

TO ALL

In your heart
Let silence find a place,
Then be guided by your conscience
And you're always safe.

UNACQUAINTED

I'd love to know
Your real full name.
'Twould be pleasure to write
Your beauty and fame.

I'd write on the value
Of you in which I hold,
Why it could ne'er be bought
With Rockefeller's gold.

Indeed you're a blessing
From the heavens above,
And all would be bright
If I had your love.

And while sweet breezes blow
Over life's rough way,
I could sit and write your name
In my humble essays.

A SMILE

Every smiling face,
Or even jolly motions,
Doesn't prove that one's sorrows
Are not deeper than the ocean.

But there is great value, in a smile,
It can save a poor man's life,
When I go home it's worth while,
For I meet a smiling wife.

MOTHER'S DAY

I received a flower
On the twelfth of May,
It was a token
Of Mother's day.

With petals snow-white
And fragrance so sweet,
Thou art my hope
That in heaven we'll meet.

My mind wandered back
In a childish way
My soul then reposed!
But seemed to say:

Oh! the spirit spoke
As I did pray,
In the heart of this flower
Shineth Mother's day.

THE BIRDS THAT SING TO ME

All nature is happy this morning,
Oh! how they welcome the beautiful sun,
And those silver-throated fellows
Gives music until the day is done.

They bring to my heart so sweetly
A feeling I can hardly explain,
That travels on the breezes so tender,
With such a soothing refrain.

DREAM OF BYGONES

The peonies are in bloom,
Their perfume I adore,
Naught keeps me from dreaming
Of you for evermore.

The night is bright,
The dewdrops fall,
The night birds sing
With a distant call.

My heart then beats
In throbbing pain,
My eyes in tears,
My soul is strained.

Come tell me, dear,
If thy love's dead,
Come raise me then
From sorrow's bed.

WHENE'ER CONSCIENCE SPEAKS

Have you given this a thought,
If you haven't you really ought.
This is what we all should know
And we do wrong when we don't go
Whene'er conscience speaks.

Every man, woman, or child
When nearing trouble or something vile,
Should gently turn
And never yearn
Whene'er conscience speaks.

THE PLUCK OF A POET

For my little humble talent
I turn thanks to our God.
Though each time I try to show it
I meet with the world of odds.

Though He blessed me with my gift,
And He will bless me along the way,
He is giving me love and wisdom
And He will bring a brighter day.

These are words of a poor poet,
And what I write is true,
I long to go before the world
To try and show what I can do.

If one could only see me now,
My lips are numb, shows sorrow deep.
This is after my daily labor
That these thoughts through my mind does creep.

God gives me strength to work,
To earn my daily bread,
Then revives me for my writing
To show that my blood is red.

Why swell up o'er talent
Or activeness of brain?
God giveth and he taketh
As easy as it twinkles down rain.

LIFE PLAIN AS DAY

Life lays out its happiness and sorrows,
You're to choose either for to-day or to-morrow,
We can be happy our whole life through
In regarding our company and the things we do.
Let the other fellow think what he will or may,
I'll choose happiness, it really pays.
Life holds a beauty that shineth like gold,
Seek it while you're young, don't wait to get old.
Day by day it comes to us all,
So fly not so high, remember your fall.
One moment we're up and the next we're down,
Try to take the ladder without a frown.
For our lives are planned out with time and space
And we are truly guided by an unseen face.
The blossoms of life has petals so dear;
Then deal with them gently and handle with care,
There's like the rose in the garden that blooms,
That gives to the breeze their wafted perfume,
But the way the frost makes its petals fly
This teaches us that we all must die.

ONE SAD MORN

In a lonely little village
Was the tolling of a bell.
Deep in our hearts
A sad story it tells.

Deceased our dear, old general
Who fought with heart so brave,
In honor of our land and country,
And stars and stripes to save.

MY VIEW

A poor shabby boy;
But an ambitious poet,
And in most appealing way
He'd love for the world to know it.

For now he sits and dreams
Of which he can't depart,
And deep in his soul lies
That beautiful hidden art.

God gives him the power
And a clean mind to compose,
He gathers beauties from an unseen garden,
Where he dwells when his soul is reposed.

He has a high standard in thought
As the richest man of the day,
And wears a smile, though destitute
For this is just his way.

THE FADING ROSES

Here lies the roses that's fading away,
With their memories of a brighter day;
Just like the heat, are withering them dear,
The loss of your love brings sorrow and care.
These roses go back to nature's review,
They'll regain their lives and bloom anew,
But if my poor heart could be repaired
With kindness of nature which roses are shared
'Twould remove all sorrow and enter sweet refrain
Then my heart would bud and bloom again.

FOR A WHILE

Could there ever be a day
That sorrow will cease and blow away,
May it travel to parts to me unknown,
That my heart have back a feeling of its own
For a while.

My heart has never quit its pining,
Each thought brings a silver lining,
And if you were near
'Twould ease my care
For a while.

No one knows why I sigh,
It's love in my heart that cannot die,
Though now I regret
But cannot forget
For a while.

Now it seems like wasted years
To intermix with my bitter tears,
Though I've prayed to our God above
That He may return my only love.
For a while.

The beautiful stars in their glory
Has ceased to tell love's sweet story,
They hide from me behind the clouds;
Will some one love me if my head is bowed?
For a while.

There's nothing more beautiful than a smile
If it's really meant from the heart.

HEARTS THAT ARE TRUE

Love when young and tender
Should pick its place to go;
Beware of hearts that deceive
For there, 'twill cease to grow.

Then hearts that are true
Beat just as one,
With a soulful tender feeling,
Till love's bright day is done.

Hearts that are true,
And when they cross the river of Jordan
To answer to their rights and wrongs,
That sweet word love will be in golden letters
And will be sung in a beautiful song.

MY LOVE FOR YOU

How can I forget
What I have to regret
When there in my dreams
It just flows in streams
And tells a story so true,
That's making me feel blue,
Why it's my love, my love for you.

Your eyes, with beauty so rare,
No diamond could shine as fair.
But I'll watch and pray
For that sweet day in May.
So return your love anew,
You have mine and it is all for you.

MY LOVE

My work for my race
Will always be
Tireless toil
To make them proud of me.

Now if we all work
To this one point,
Strong will be our union,
No nation could break the joint.

Just think! of all of us trying
To make one another proud,
Why the little stars in their glory
Would almost speak aloud.

Then they'd shine brighter and brighter,
And with love, they'd light the way,
For the race that is loving to each other
There is sure to come a better day.

EVE DROPPER

The rose that bloomed
On veranda side,
Heard love's sweet story
When first untied.

These hearts traveled
Through the distant years,
To join each other
In their sighs and tears.

MY DEAR BELOVED MOTHER

Beside me walks an unseen face
That guides me daily from place to place,
And has love for me, like that of no other,
This guide, tender guide, is my dear beloved mother.

She goes with me through rain or shine,
Like the fortunate leads the unfortunate blind,
And when I am lonely for a sister or brother,
There's the cheering thoughts of my dear beloved mother.

Of course she's in the spirit land,
But she walks with me daily hand in hand,
And when I'm asleep she's o'er my bed,
That sin may go no farther.
Now this teaches us of that mighty love
We have in a dear beloved mother.

HIS LAST HOUR

Oh! mighty Savior,
Cometh my last day,
And the sound of the golden trumpet
My sins bloweth away.

Glory to thy name
As I breathe my last breath,
Repenteth all whom love him now,
Not at the door of death.

Each and every moment
His name to me is all
Those whom are standing by my dying bed,
Remember the trumpet's last call.

IF I DARE

I'll sing a little song
Of you dear one,
'Twill be long as the day
And bright like the sun
If I dare.

I'll gather from the garden
This big red rose
To kiss your cheeks
While sweet breezes blow
If I dare.

Your face is ne'er out of my dreams
Deep in my heart sweet memories bring,
Oh! I will love you, dear, you only,
Till death with bitterness bring
If I dare.

My mind is with you
Though my eyes are in tears,
My heart is being pierced
With Cupid's golden spear,
But yet I'd return
If I dare.

Oh! how sad with you
Were my past,
The present was sweet
So long as it lasts.

JUST NOW

No one knows, and no one sees,
No one gives my heart any ease,
Just now.

If I could speak to the one I love
My heart would lose that feeling that makes me mourn like a dove,
Just now.

Once you shadowed me in my dreams,
But that, too, is gone it really seems,
Just now.

The years are bringing my sorrow fast
And my wakeful nights won't come to their last,
Just now.

THE VOICE OF A ROSE

The rose that spoke
To her dying soul
Is the rose ne'er let
Our love grow cold.

With each breath
She'd sigh and say,
This rose tells me
There's a brighter day.

And when that rose
Begins to die,
She'd kiss its petals,
Then tenderly cry.

A PHOTO

If I only had a photo
Of my happy days
To hang on this wall of misery,
That's weakening my better ways.

Oh! come, oh! gentle vision,
Of long, long ago,
And make that happy picture
That I once use to know.

Paint those beautiful eyes,
That did always shine
And liven my trembling lips
That they taught to speak words unkind.

Why my lips us to part
With a loving, tender smile,
But those days are stolen
That meant me life worth while.

GOOD FATE

On a dark and stormy night
Far ahead shined a little light,
It was a warning
With sorrow dawning,
For the train that approached.
Fastly into sight
Towards the bridge that held ill fate
The flagman awakened but a moment to late,
For there flowed through a madly stream
Lifting the bridge clear off its beam.
All in a moment the engine ran out of steam
And spying there ahead no light could be seen.
Speaking to the fireman the engineer said,
It's a heavenly blessing our engine ran dead.

SPRINGTIME

The birds are singing
While nature is bringing,
All of its beauty to show.
The little wild flowers
With sunshine and showers
Are the things that we love so.

They gladden our hearts
And strengthen our souls,
Making life seem young
To those growing old.

There's the beautiful budding
Of the dogwood trees,
It's a shaking and waking
For the little honey bees.

To let them know
That nature brought back
With a whole summer's sweetness
In her blossoms its packed.

MY HEAVENLY THOUGHTS

Oh! heavenly Father,
To our souls give mirth,
Let dwell with us no evil spirit
While on this sinful earth.
Strengthen our weak and humble minds,
Through our hearts let righteousness flow,
Keep us away from worldly things,
For when Thou call we're sure to go.

A POET'S PIER

A humble but ambitious poet
That writes on the beauties of life,
Is brilliantly guided onwards
By the love of his dear sweet wife.

In each and every thought
She is truly his golden pier.
She leads him on to untold success
Where he enjoys a brighter career.

Into a garden of roses
Where soft breezes blow,
There she's always near him
To let his sweeter thoughts flow.

To her he gathers and gives
A beautiful big pink rose,
To show that his love's still burning,
And for her it could ne'er repose.

And when he awakens out of his dreams
There is music to her ears,
For all the poems that he writes
He reads to his wifey dear.

WELCOME SPRING

On comes spring
With its loving breeze
Soon there's the budding
Of the flowers and trees.

How my heart swells
When they begin to peep,
For I know they're back
From their long winter's sleep.

MY RUBY MONTROSE

As I sit and dream
On the water side,
My mind is traveling
Like the high rolling tide.
No matter how fast
Or where it goes
With it my thoughts
Of my Ruby Montrose.

No matter how dark
And stormy the night,
My mind still wanders
By my strong lovelight
Holding a secret
That nobody knows,
And guided by the thought
Of my Ruby Montrose.

Now I've gained her love renown,
The world will smile and cease to frown.
The summer breeze that always blows
Will refreshen the love of my Ruby Montrose.
I ne'er grow tired of the words I write,
They are my soul and my heart's delight.
They hold more sweetness than any flower that grows,
For in them's the thought of my Ruby Montrose.

BEAUTY AND UGLY

When beauty fades away
Ugly approaches soon,
But when ugly fades away
Our place is lost beneath the moon.

THE BLESSING OF GOD

Close not thy door
To the blessing of God,
Just e'er be humble
And spare the rod.
And when you see a friend
Downhearted and cold
Longing for the warmth
Of a spirited soul,
Just open the heart.
Though it may seem odd,
But to you will come the blessings
Of our own God.
No link or links tighter ties
Than those that are blending to the human lives,
Quote this to memory to have and to hold,
And liven up the spirit when you're grown old,
And when on earth you're done
Then you can rest beneath the sod,
For your door was always open
To the blessings of God.

SIXTY-ONE

Down on the southern plantation,
From sixty-one on back
Our forefathers were shackled in slavery,
And lived in huts and shacks,
But this shows they're loyal
Hum, a negro as you glance,
But their grandsons are answering the roll call
Somewhere in France.

A VISION FROM THE FIRESIDE

Before the fire at night
When all was quite still,
I had nature's sweetest dream,
And its beautiful old green hills.

Oh! that lovely photo,
That appeared in the little blue blaze
Showed summer with all its beauty
And how the cattle used to graze.

Then came a sigh,
Though followed by a smile,
For the summer's balmy breeze
Made me feel like a child.

But dashed against the window
The chilly howling winds
That takes my vision in a snowdrift
And how my heart does pine.

THORNY LOVE

There's a vision of your well known face,
Shining like my love that's gone to waste.
I see your smiles as natural now,
And the way I loved you, for you taught me how.
Now I'm in a path that usually leads
Down to degradation.
My poor heart bleeds
When I think of our separation.

THE BATTLE OF HEARTS

Our hearts have met
On the battlefield of love,
Cupid is our general
In his aeroplane above.

But my poor heart's
Crying for peace,
My love for you
Could ne'er decease.

And if fate guides the battle
So our hearts doesn't blend,
Just picture how sad
Will be the end.

TO REMIND YOU

Just a tender missive dear
As the days are drifting by,
And oh! I see your smiling face
When e'er I look into the sky.

JUST TO REMIND YOU

Smiles always gladden my heart
As the years come and go;
And should I be the longest liver
They'll ne'er be buried beneath the snow.

One day of sorrow
To a brilliant and happy mind
Tears down its concrete thoughts
To sail the ocean of brine.

THE SINKING SHIP

The winds howled o'er
The dashing sea,
The ship was foundered
At half past three.
The captain yelled,
Life boats lowered!
There was a noise
Like a cannon roar,
'Twas the boilers burst below.
Then said the captain
Brave but slow,
It's to late, boys,
We all must go.

SPRING'S EASTER LILY

(To my wife Ruby)

By the walk way grew
Spring's Easter lily
Wet with the morning dew,
But with love I gave to Billy.

Now there is your petals nice and yellow
And rich as the dripping of gold.
So why are you lonely, little fellow,
You've won me, heart and soul.

Would you love to be a little present
And one that isn't silly
To the sweetest little pheasant
My dearest, darling Billy.

MY SHIP OF THOUGHTS

Anchored deep in mid ocean
Are my ship of thoughts,
I should sail out and get them,
That's just what I ought.

For once they run smooth
With calmness of the sea,
Bringing all of love's beauty
Back home to me.

In a mad rushing storm,
But she would stand as brave,
When each flash of lightning
Showed the depth of her grave.

There's no lighthouse
To guide her in,
Nor to raise her anchor
From the wages of sin.

THE SOUL OF A BUD

A darling little maiden
So sweet, so fair,
With tiny dimples
And beauty so rare,
But I wonder if goodness knows
If she e'er could repose.

From the sweet loving manner
She gave me this rose,
Now this tiny little bud
Seems to whisper in my ear,
Saying hearts of hearts with tenderness
To one another are dear.

ONE'S NEXT BEST FRIEND

I was lost in the valley
All veiled with fog,
Back o'er the hill
Was a howl of a dog.
He was doing his bit
In trying to keep peace,
For his dear old master
Had just deceased.
In that old cabin
Was a dear little child;
The wolves rushed around
Madly and wild.
On came the morn,
But I'd grown pale.
The sun came up and
Removed the veil.
Then I jogged along
O'er the bumpy ground,
I stopped at this cabin
And there I found
A wonderful baby!
With eyes so bright
'Twould light the way
Through the darkest night.
From under the bed
Came a grunt of a hog,
I knelt and found
'Twas that little dog.

CREATION

We are all created by our Father above
And one's no better than the other
When we keepeth His command.

HUMIN TU DE AIR

Raifield, yo aks like a ole time barh
Round heah a studen al in despah;
No Ise humin tu de air.
Stah clean awafum dat pot uv mine,
Caus when dah's wok yo's hard tu find.
Well, sur; ef he ain't eten my pie I du declah,
I ges yo call dat a humin tu de air.
Yes, I members de uder dah
When Lindy Jones wus don dis wah
An yo all had a powful lot tu say,
Caus I no's she am purty an mity fair,
But yo'll lose yo home ef dats humin tu de air.
Now I want yo tu tucker an lef me go,
An don't yo nebber cros my doah.
Yawll goner make one hungry pair
Caus yo can't make a libben humin tu de air.

IN MY THOUGHTS OF YOU

Now I sit and look in space
My brightest hopes has gone to waste,
The rose of my dreams
Won't bloom it seems
While my mind's anchored deep
In my thoughts of you.

No one knows how my heart does ache,
No one sees my nights of wake.
The moon is hidden behind the clouds,
The stars peep through an all dark shroud
In my thoughts of you.

MY DEAREST DARLING RUBY

Fate had lost my treasure
In the valley of dehuby,
Time led on and there I found
My dearest, darling Ruby.
All my days I hunted in vain
Through ice, sleet, snow and rain.
And on the darkest day,
This was my pay,
My dearest, darling Ruby.
Only death can part us dear,
If away a moment it seems like a year,
Life for me would ne'er be bright,
The stars would fail to shine at night
Without my dearest, darling, Ruby.

HERE AND THERE

Here's the rose, that bloomed in the spring,
There's its petals flying.
Here's my heart, that wants your love,
There like that flower, it is dying.

Here's to a day, and its sunshine,
There to east is a cloud,
There in a moment, it could hide the sun,
Here all nature's heads, will be bowed.

Here's my thoughts of yesterday,
There's my thoughts of tomorrow,
Here the ladder shows a brightness,
There goes sorrow.

Look on both
The bright and dark side of life
And there your faults may be found.

ONE SWEET DREAM

In looking way ahead
Into the distant time
So beautiful is my thoughts
If I can make them rhyme.

Long beside the road
Is a bungalow for two,
In my wonderful vision
'Twas built for me and you.

My heart was the hammer,
My soul clinched the nails,
'Twas finished with my love
To withstand the on coming gale.

DARLING EDNA MAY

(To Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter)

How sad was this Christmas,
Though for some 'twas a happy day,
But mourns a mother and father
For their darling Edna May.

But she's gone on into glory
To soar the golden way,
She knows no sorrow like mother and father
For their darling Edna May.

Though on and on through the distant years,
When mother and father are old and gray,
Christmas brings saddest memories
Of their darling Edna May.

LIFE'S PRETTY WAY

Oh! how nice
When the sun is shining bright,
To take a long walk
While breezes blow light.

It revives your soul,
Your heart is gay
Strolling the road
Of life's pretty way.

You'll walk on the grass
So beautiful and green,
And gone art your memories
Of the past winter's scene.

You'll enjoy all the love
In this bright summer's day,
Wandering the road
Of life's pretty way.

RAS BAYLEM'S SPEECH

Ladies an gentlems, fello citisans, it behooves me wid de mostest ux tudigrad
To stood be fo sich coteligent audance, dat it makes me base my talk, down
Around John's tato-pach about de third or de fouf hill, am, am, am.
We am interin de war at de mos critical time,
And I want all yo colored citisans tu fall rite in line,
Don't bother den slackers cause yo nearin' dangers do,
Dis am de only country dat any uv us know.
Stah wah dem Germans cause dah puts foolness in yo head,
Gis reach up an kiss O Glorie an wish de Kaiser am dead.

MY DREAM

I thought I'd forgotten you, dearie,
But you returned in my golden dream.
The distant years faded you in person,
But again you're fresh in memory it seems.

Just like the rose wants morning dew,
That's how my dream makes me want you.
Cruel fate and time has drifted us apart,
I smile on the world, but no one knows my heart.

Oh! let me dream both night and day,
That I may dream my sorrows away
Into a land of passing breeze
To give my heart one moment's ease.

A SAILOR'S FATE

Lowered deep was the anchor
As the waves rolled high,
With thought of loved ones
Between each sigh.
This was their minds
As they gazed into the sky,
Making peace with their Savior,
For they knew they had to die.
Have mercy on us, Lord, as we pray to Thee
Save us as we're descending down,
Let us go not, without the holy ground.

Glad hearts often
Through broken hearts ring,
To teach the voice
A little song to sing.

AT EVE

From behind the clouds
Peeps the golden sun,
To kiss the rose,
Because the day is done.

SHE SAID. THEN HE SAID THE REST

Oh! my lovely walk,
Down love's shady way,
The birds soft, sweet singing
Adds beauty to the day.

TRUE

Have you ever stopped to think, my friend,
Of your simple life from beginning to end.
It pays us now to pull with strife
For youth comes but once in life.
There's two paths up and down the hill
To seek one or the other is your own free will.

CUPID

The moment I saw
Your dear sweet face,
Cupid with its arrow
Took its place.

Be not discouraged over life's hard struggle,
Have brighter thoughts and discouragement shrugs.

MY THOUGHTS OF IT

Love is a link, a connector of hearts,
Allow no one to tear it apart.
It's a food for heart, soul and mind,
True love is ever blind.

THE THOUGHT OF A CHILD

Train your children manners and behavior
While around the cradle they creep,
Then good tidings will ever follow them
After you sleep in the deep.

A GENIUS

On yonder hill sits a genius
In heaven's guiding hand,
That pours his thoughts just as he writes
His power is God not man.

FOR MY HEART

When the heart is crippled
And the soul cannot be raised,
Just think of dear old mother
That's the spark that lights the blaze.

ROUND BY ROUND

Just a word of consolation
While I dream night and day,
Will help me climb the ladder of fame
Though the top is far away.

A THOUGHT WE SHOULD HAVE

My heart at times loses a beat,
But the trouble will ne'er be known,
For I have that much mother wit
Each tub has a bottom of its own.

It's easy to be good in life,
But hard to be faultless.

Good thoughts on the mind
Should lie deep in the heart.

So bountifully in, flows the word keep peace.
Dare not e'er to intrude.

A man who smiles through the deepest of sorrow
To his own heart adds a value untold.

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